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HORACE AT CAMBRIDGE

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

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# HORACE AT CAMBRIDGE

BY

OWEN SEAMAN

AUTHOR OF 'WITH DOUBLE PIPE,' ETC.

LONDON

A. D. INNES AND CO.

BEDFORD STREET

1895

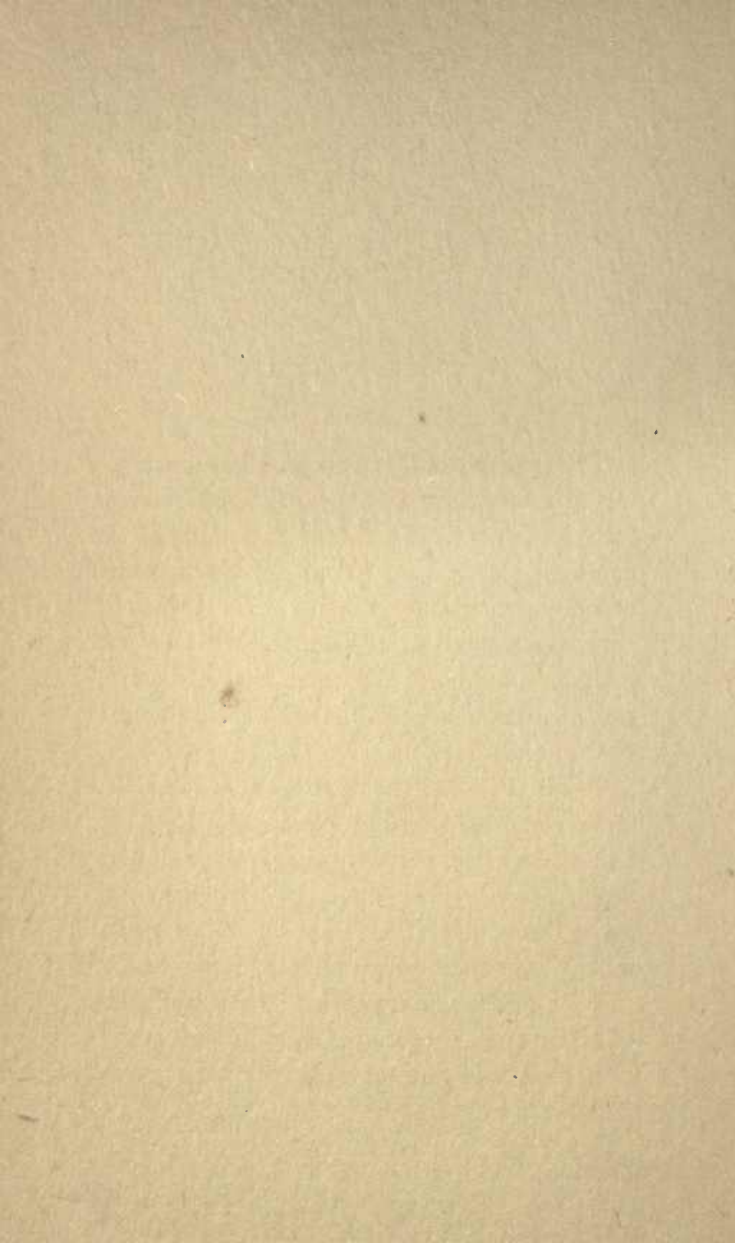
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TO  
THE NAMESAKE OF MY TITLE  
MY DEAR FRIEND  
**Horace C Monro**  
OF THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD  
IN MEMORY OF OLD DAYS AT CLARE

1574165





## PREFACE

THE series that is here published in collected form began to appear in the *Granta* in October 1893. I mention the date of its commencement, that I may not be suspected of having originally taken my idea—not of course a very new one—from the late Horatian boom of 1894. At the same time, I wish to cast no manner of reflexion upon the promoters of that revival.

It will be seen that I do not pretend in these verses to offer any close parallel to the Latin ; in many cases some sort of analogy is to be traced throughout an ode ; here and there I have done little beyond following the motive suggested by an opening line.

With one or two exceptions these imitations of Horace are drawn from Cambridge scenes or associations ; so too with the other verses

## *Preface*

---

that complete this small volume. I hope that I shall not offend the intelligence of either present or past members of the University if I think it necessary to give an occasional foot-note for the enlightenment of those remotely future generations to whom I look for the exhaustion of this edition.

I have to thank the courtesy of the Editor of the *Granta* for leave to publish all that is here presented. I have made a few emendations.

OWEN SEAMAN.

*Savile Club,*  
*March 1895.*



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HORACE AT CAMBRIDGE





I  
OF THE PERFECT UNDERGRADUATE

*Integer vitae*

THE man that never told a lie,  
Or cut a College Chapel,  
That lives within his Tutor's eye  
And is, in fact, its apple ;

Whether by fabled heights of Gog  
Or Granta's mazy winding  
Upon his customary jog  
He goes serenely grinding ;—

He little needs (so few his fears,  
So equable his liver)  
To join the Arquebusiliers  
Or even read *The Quiver*.

*Horace at Cambridge*

---

For once he chanced to meet a mad  
    Bull-pup—its legs were bandy ;  
It scooted from him though he had  
    No gun or weapon handy.

Nor ever monster like to this  
    Was versed in sporting matters,  
Or issued forth from Callaby's  
    To romp among the ratters ;

And yet it fled with loud alarm,  
    While he in meditation  
Pursued his thoughts upon the charm  
    Of Conic Osculation.

Place him on ocean's sandy dunes,  
    Or bunkers of Sahara,  
Or where the air is sick with tunes  
    By Kellie and De Lara,

Plunge him in any haunt of sin—  
    Roulette or water-polo ;

Propriety doth hedge him in,  
He simply whispers—*Nolo*.

The button-hole, the tandem-team,  
He counts alike as folly ;  
Polygonometry's his theme,  
I think he calls it "Polly."

Her angular and winning ways  
He hymns like any suitor ;  
And one of these fine open days  
Intends to be a Tutor.



## II

OF THOSE THAT GO DOWN TO THE RIVER

*Pastor cum traheret per freta navibus*

WHERE Boating Captains on their beat  
Go shepherding the tortuous fleet  
Of tubs along the river's reedy hollows,  
I marked the Genius who addressed  
A Freshman with a beefy chest ;  
The views of Camus were expressed  
Somewhat as follows.

" It first behoves you to undo  
Of all your buttons just the two  
Topmost, and chance the weather being  
breezy ;  
Then, swinging stiffly from the hip,  
Cause your prehensile heels to grip  
The stretcher ; at the signal, nip—  
Great Heavens ! Easy !

Where were we ? Yes. There is a rule  
Whereby the oarsman, though a fool,  
May guarantee the boat against inversion ;  
Observe your blade ; the thing is bent  
Obliquely to the element ;  
Square it at once, and so prevent  
Needless immersion.

Again ; deposit, if you please,  
Your stomach well between your knees,  
Aim broadly at the bottom of the vessel ;  
Swing early, often, long and late ;  
This is the doctrine up to date,  
With which the most immaculate  
Fresher must wrestle.

Reck nothing though the process pain  
Your blistered hide and make you fain  
To be a scaly merman with a sea-tail ;

*Horace at Cambridge*

---

A time may yet arrive when you  
Will be as hardened as a Blue,  
And have a soul superior to  
Matters of detail.

That future waits you far and dim,  
And in the awful interim  
You have to pass a pretty hot probation ;  
‘ Much is to learn, much to forget,’  
And now and then you’ll feel regret,  
And never, never, fail to sweat  
With perspiration.

Full often, rowing like an ox,  
On you the curses of your cox,  
Falling like blasts of some Tyrrhenian  
trumpet,  
Will rend the horror-stricken air  
With language fit to curl the hair  
That clusters nicely round the fair  
Crest of your crumpet.

Then will you at your rigid thwart  
Restrain the apposite retort  
And like the parrot merely *think* profanely,  
The while your heavy head you wag  
Panting as pants the hunted stag,  
And wear your 'Pontius' to a rag,  
Sliding inanely.

Perchance you will mislay your oar,  
When quickening to forty-four,  
And learn a little jargon from your skipper ;  
Or get an unexpected spank  
Straight in the centre of your flank  
From some inordinately rank  
Holiday-tripper.

Those coaches you shall come to know,  
That trot with caution to and fro  
And wish their knowledge of the chase were  
larger ;



## *Horace at Cambridge*

---

Your valour shall divert the way  
Of Nestor-Jones's<sup>1</sup> blinkered grey,  
And draw a compliment from J.

B.<sup>2</sup> on his charger.

Eventually you will land  
Triumphant after trials, and  
Talk frankly like a father from the saddle  
You have the makings of a tar,  
And should, with fortune, travel far ;  
Meanwhile you might get forward. Are  
You ready ? Paddle !”

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Trevor Jones, popular and perpetual coach of Trinity Hall.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. J. B. Close, President of the C.U.B.C., 1894-5.

### III

#### OF CHANGING SEASONS

##### *Diffugere nives*

WINTER is gone with frost and rime  
    (Perhaps the statement's previous,  
For weather in this fancy clime  
    Is nothing if not devious) ;  
And now the buds are coming out,  
    And birds begin their flutings,  
And freshmen freely look about  
    To pick their vernal suitings.

Winter is gone (I've mentioned that),  
    And crocuses are yellow,  
The grassy plot invites the cat,  
    And eke the college Fellow ;

*Horace at Cambridge*

---

And now the annual relay  
Of Dowagers and Graces  
Is tripping lightly on its way  
To view the Lenten races.

And now the Crew is living down  
Its taste for cheese and chutney,  
And presently will treat the town  
To episodes at Putney ;  
And nightly we shall read reports  
About the play of breezes,  
That whistle round its airy shorts  
And Zephyr-like chemises.

And now, to pass to platitudes,  
I put it to the printer  
That Spring's a season which obtrudes  
Upon the heels of Winter ;  
That Summer does the same to Spring,  
And similarly Autumn ;

For so the early poets sing  
(Lord only knows who taught 'em).

The Seasons' linkéd dance of joy  
No earthly hand may sever,  
But *we*, when we go down, my boy,  
Why, we go down for ever ;  
For save we join the Blessed Dons  
By process of translation,  
We must abide by Mr. Sw\*n's  
Or B\*lstr\*de's valuation.

It boots us nothing, Vere de Vere,  
Whether our race's founder  
Had all the makings of a Peer,  
Or played the common bounder ;  
It matters not, my noble Sir,  
When once our doom is dated,  
Whether we kept the rules, or were  
Invariably gated.

*Horace at Cambridge*

---

Your taste for bloods, your pretty sense  
Of humour Transatlantic,  
Your pensive air, your eloquence,  
That drove the Union frantic,  
Avail you not ; another's name  
Will soon adorn your portal ;  
All passes but the constant flame  
Of gyps—and they're immortal.

Time marks our passage on the way  
To Charon's bulging wherry,  
Not Wordsworth could arrange to stay,  
Nor even Muttlebury ;  
And yet the former's rustic Muse  
Was ripe for *We are Seven* ;  
The latter, if they're short of Blues,  
Is bound to go to Heaven.



#### IV

OF PINDAR AND OTHER SPORTING TOUTS

*Pindarum quisquis studet aemulari*

THE minor prophet who will dare  
    To emulate *The Truthful Star*,  
'E very often dunno where  
    'E are.

Bounding along as torrents bound,  
    A babe with nobody to mind him,  
At any match on any ground  
    You find him.

A horoscope in either eye,  
    He'll fix your dial to a minute ;  
Ezekiel and Malachi  
    Aren't in it.

*Horace at Cambridge*

---

A month ago he stoutly swore  
Our chances were but sickly queer  
With what he called the "leather" or  
The "sphere."

And now he drinks the bitter cup,  
Because appearances deceive,  
And people may have something up  
Their sleeve.

Nevertheless beside the boats  
Presumably upon the scent  
The "chiel's" at Putney "takin' notes"  
To "prent."

As harmless as a patent bomb,  
Or bantam egg that's freshly laid,  
He barely knows the handle from  
The blade.

Instead of urging us to bid  
The odds upon the Oxford eight,  
He'd better do as Pindar did  
And wait ;

Though even Pindar felt the germ  
Of literary competition,  
And hustled for the Early Worm  
Edition ;

Starting a bit before to ring  
The usual ancestral chime,  
And that was how he scanned the thing  
In time.

Let others lift a lordly strain,  
And vow with high-falutin' boast  
To have the dauntless Fry<sup>1</sup> again  
On toast ;

<sup>1</sup> Captain of the Oxford Association team of 1894, strong favourites, but defeated by three goals to one.

*Horace at Cambridge*

---

I only pray that on the day  
    We hold our own by flood and field,<sup>1</sup>  
When the cerulean array  
    Is peeled.

To that effect it's not amiss  
    To set my humble quill to squeak,  
And pledge our luck from now to this  
    Day week.

I have a port, a fruity port,  
    It ill becomes my pen to puff,  
But anyhow it's not the sort  
    Of stuff

The student takes to wash his food  
    Not twenty miles from Temple Bar,  
But long in wood when Consols stood  
    At par.

<sup>1</sup> Written before the Sports and Boat Race of 1894.

Therewith empurpled I shall call  
In strident tones upon the crew,  
Straining my baritone till all  
Is blue.

And should we win I'll do my best,  
If still my throat is *audiendum*,  
To sound a bumper ode—*Nunc est*  
*Bibendum !*

You, Sir, will occupy a stand,  
Or take your déjeuner at large  
Upon the cheerful four-in-hand  
Or barge ;

*I* choose the many-peopled bank,  
With that most charming of abortions,  
Dog of the crescent legs and lank  
Proportions ;



*Horace at Cambridge*

---

There, little dachshund, you shall strike  
Beholders with your black and tan,  
Sporting the Cambridge colours like  
A man.

V

OF SAUL AMONG THE PROPHETS

*Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus*  
*Vidi docentem*

I SAW old Dubbins—it's the solemn verity—

In some obscure provincial town (the  
fact

Will pass for racy fiction with posterity)

Intoning with considerable tact,

And not the faintest sign of insincerity,

The service for the day ; the pews  
were packed

With most devoted nymphs in killing  
bonnets,

A theme I've often thought would do for  
sonnets.

*Horace at Cambridge*

---

My mind recalled the last occasion when  
    Those fluty tones had fallen on my  
        ears ;  
Supported by a brace of boating men  
    Dubbins had risen (incoherent cheers),  
And starting by request with " Do ye ken ? "  
    Tailed off into " The British Gren-  
        diers."

I feel at times a kind of moral twist  
In looking through the ordination list !

There is a period in woman's growth  
    Which I will designate the Curate  
        Age ;  
It falls between—and has a touch of both—  
    The Military Era and the Stage ;  
Then with the tightest-laced (and nothing  
    loth)  
    The blooming young divine becomes  
        the rage ;

Their adulation takes the form of mittens,  
Or carpet-slippers, or superfluous kittens.

Perchance there is a rival, one of those  
Extension Lecturers from Cambridge  
College ;  
Who " illustrates " immortal verse and prose,  
Of which he has a rather fluent  
knowledge ;  
They make him presents of the rathe primrose,  
A practice which the Church would  
fain abolidge ;  
(I cull the form from Mrs. Gamp's anthology,  
And tender to the same my frank apology.)

In matters of the heart, as I am told,  
Woman is thermometrically tidal,  
Now secular and warm, now saintly cold,  
A state of things that's simply suicidal ;

*Horace at Cambridge*

---

She'll oscillate like Israel of old

Exchanging Moses for a Moulton  
idol ;

The joke is not my own, I wish it were ;

I also wish I were the Lecturer !<sup>1</sup>

But whither, Muses, are ye footling on ?

We must return to trace our wandering  
sheep,

Lest the connexion of the tale be gone

As happened with the muttons of Bo-  
Peep,

Or as the mild meandering of a Don

Will lap a lecture-room in balmy  
sleep ;

I don't know any medium that's neater

For circulating gas than Juan's metre.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. R. G. Moulton, now Professor of Literature at Chicago University.



So to return to Dubbins, as we knew him,  
Then, when the casual oat was being  
sown ;

He didn't care what Plautus calls a *duim*  
For all the annotations of Perowne ;  
So open-minded that they trickled through  
him,

So open-handed too that I have known  
The double-headed bull-dog passing by  
Irregularly wink the other eye.

He never rowed, because his skin was porous  
And sensitive in parts to any scar ;  
His voice was fairly useful in a chorus ;  
His wit was dry and suited to the bar ;  
Reckless at Pool he shed his lives before us,  
And seldom missed his due, the hero's  
star ;

In battle he was good to break a head ;  
In peace he wore his toga to a thread.

*Horace at Cambridge*

---

I take it, there's a difference between

*This* picture, see, and *that*—you know  
the phrase ?

Think what he is, I say, and what he's been ;

(Excuse my mixing one of Kipling's  
lays

With Hamlet quoting Shakespeare to the  
Queen ;)

I never knew in all my palmy days

A nicer connoisseur of flowing bowls ;

And now—he's got a sinecure of souls !

VI

OF A TUTORIAL NIGHT-OFF

*Septimi, Gades aditure mecum*

MY fellow-Fellow, have you noted  
How Cantabridge that scorns our yoke  
Has very pleasantly promoted  
A kind of joke?  
It seems the road from here to Hades  
Is opened up, and now we are  
To have like manumitted ladies,  
Our *wanderjahr* !

Septimius, if we were single,  
With liberty to join the dance,  
How both the ears of us would tingle  
At such a chance !

*Horace at Cambridge*

---

Alack ! the thing is not a question  
Of *trium liberorum jus* ;  
And so this excellent suggestion  
Won't do for us.

But stay ! we two at least might run to  
A *wandernacht* upon the jaunt ;  
For choice of ground I know of none to  
Surpass the haunt  
Where once we worshipped Nelly Farren,  
And Leslie made the midriff ache,  
When life not yet was wholly barren  
Of ale and cake.

Or say the Empire ? I've enjoyed the  
Empire as much as any place ;  
Only, dear fellow, we'll avoid the  
Eve of the race !  
For then, like armies of Sennacherib,  
The Undergrad is all abroad ;

And Chucker-outs are keen to crack a rib  
Or spinal cord.

Or thither we might haply muster,  
Where Temples of the Muse divine  
Are thick as purple grapes that cluster  
Upon the vine ;  
Where Mercury from off a mountain  
New-lit and naked as the day  
Adorns my Lord of Shaftesbury's fountain,  
Which doesn't play.

Beloved angle ! where the traffic  
Of Coventry and Regent Streets  
Makes music rather more seraphic  
Than parrakeets ;  
Where Pav' and Cri' and Trocadero  
In blessed rivalry conspire  
To give us joy ; (*se non è vero*,  
Then I'm a liar !)



*Horace at Cambridge*

---

For there the drinks are long and cooling  
    Like winter nights about the Pole ;  
Or, if the taste for shorts is ruling,  
    Upon my soul  
I know a bar where men may batten  
    On mint as green as Erin's isle,  
Or cocktails that would make Manhattan  
    Forget to smile !

In such a scene more sweet than honey  
    Even Hymettically sealed,  
We'll fume the best cigar that money  
    Can hope to yield ;  
"The mild Havannah !" (as they do in  
    Old Calverley's immortal line),  
And weep into its ash the ruin  
    Of days lang syne !

## VII

### OF RIVERSIDE CHARGERS

*Ille et nefasto te posuit die*

UPON a god-forsaken day,  
Black-lettered, fever-smitten,  
The jobber marked you with his brand  
To be the butt of Barnwell and  
The mockery of Ditton.

Hack of the W. S. H.,<sup>1</sup>  
My Warranted Sound Hunter,  
Whose state is feebly comatose,  
Whose sense of humour—Heaven knows  
It couldn't well be blunter.

<sup>1</sup> Cabalistic sign of the riverside stable for coaches, horses—"3s. 6d. per W(eek) S(ent) H(ome)."

*Horace at Cambridge*

---

That man, I say, had little heart  
Or else a callous liver,  
Who in your beauty's aftermath  
Consigned you to the towing-path,  
Your rider to the river.

Fate's irony so long has been  
A mark for observation,  
That three examples here will do,—  
I might have managed it with two—  
By way of illustration.

Safe home from hacking nigger-men  
That never had a rag on,  
His foot the gallant soldier sets  
Upon his native soil, and gets  
Run over by a waggon.

Your Anarchist who fears the Force  
(No other fears afflict him),

Quite inadvertently is blown  
To bits and figures as his own  
One solitary victim.

The hardy missioner who makes  
A point of being chary  
Of brutal Anthropophagi  
Is ultimately eaten by  
A common cassowary.

He only never dies that has  
A Life Insurance ticket :  
It is, as history avers,  
The unexpected that occurs :  
(The same applies to cricket).

To take my case :—when you, my steed,  
(I sat you like a feather,)  
Through utter lassitude of mind  
Mistook the purpose of the grind,  
And down we went together ;

*Horace at Cambridge*

---

How nearly then—had not the stream  
    Been singularly scanty—  
You came to visiting the Styx,  
And trying on your fancy tricks  
    Along with Rosinante,

Or those primeval quadrupeds,  
    New-roused from realms of Morpheus,  
The famous prehistoric breed,  
Enchanted by a second Reed,  
    A later quill than Orpheus' !

How nearly I myself had joined  
    The ranks of shady *reges*  
Who used to patronise the Row  
(I mean Bellerophon and Co.)  
    In Argos apt at gee-gees !

How nearly heard them pulverise  
    In pious Greek *Te Deums*



The digging-man that comes from King's,  
Unearthing all their earthen things,  
And stuffs 'em in Museums !<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> With apologies and hearty congratulations to my honoured friend Dr. Waldstein, back at this time from fresh finds in Argive fields.

## VIII

### OF COUNSEL TO COXSWAINS

*Rectius vives, Licini, neque altum  
Semper urgendo*

ONE'S better course is, as a rule,  
To take the golden mean for motto ;  
Therefore, my cherished coxswain, you'll  
Try not to

Call like a penny steamer at  
Each shore with stolid alternation,  
Rousing antiphonies of flat  
Damnation ;

Nor yet conversely sin a sin,  
Dull as the after-dinner riddle,  
And cleave the current fairly in  
The middle.

Far sooner would I have you seek  
Barely to graze the bank at Grassy ;  
As when a golfer with his cleek  
Or brassy,

Taking a deal of pains about  
His attitude, and saying " This is  
A rather pretty thing," lets out  
And misses.

Follow not up the zigzag foe,  
As coursing hounds that hunt the rabbit ;  
Speaking from memory I know  
No habit

More purely fatuous. I contend,  
(And so would any crossing-sweeper)  
The shorter route is in the end  
The cheaper.

*Horace at Cambridge*

---

Adopt the happy medium,

(Compare the *Sludge* of Robert Browning ;)

Don't tell your men their time has come

For drowning ;

Nor do the other thing and let

Their feather up too high ; it knocks your

Best crew to pieces when they get

Too cocksure.

Remember there are things that sear

The soul with sore internal smarting ;

E. g. to cross your steering-gear

At starting ;

Or imitate the helmsman who,

Stop-watch in hand, acutely reckoned

The pealing of the cannon to

A second ;

Then dropped it, and himself was shied

Over the rudder like a rocket,

Having secured the bung inside

His pocket.

Preserve your priceless head, of all

Your other parts the real chef d'œuvre ;

Neglect of this original

Manœuvre

Ruined our late king, Charles the First ;

Accordingly through floods and blizzards

Keep it, and bid your fellows burst

Their gizzards

Round serried Ditton's sinuous bay,

Till up the Reach with dancing riggers

They feel the wash and pound away

Like niggers ;

Then, even as the crafty cub

Closes upon his evening mutton,

Swiftly apply your indiarub-

ber button.



IX

OF A REFORMED SPORTSMAN

*Lydia, dic, per omnes. . . .*

O TUTOR, tell me why it is that thou  
From purely paltry motives of exam  
Art eager thus to suffocate with cram  
Juggins, that like a patient ox, through all  
These many seasons partial to the plough,  
Now cheweth caviare for the General?  
Why wheeleth he no more as once he wheeled  
At Polo with his Peers?  
Nor standeth now upon Newmarket Heath,  
His lonely last gold bit between his teeth,  
Ready to lay it on some galléd jade,  
As frequently he laid  
Against the field  
In other years?  
Why shunneth he the crystal Cam, and why

At Fenner's faileth he to lubricate

His lusty limbs, as when of late

He waxed exceeding proud

To know that none with smarter hand or eye

Could heave the hammer well among the  
crowd ?

Why at the sticks doth he no longer soar,

Barking at every flight his livid shin,

Or at the distance-jump take in

A cubit's length or more ?

Why should he skulk, as runs the ancient  
rune

How that a certain Proctor,<sup>1</sup> who defied

The wary wielders of the wooden spoon,

Played in a privy cupboard hide-and-seek,

For fear his bib, no paler than his cheek,

Should be the death of him in Barnwell's  
tide ?

<sup>1</sup> Nameless, of St. John's College. The famous victory was won in 1882.

X

OF THE BATTLE OF THE FIFTH

*O saepe mecum tempus in ultimum*

O THOU with whom so oft at 12.15,

I've spoiled the porter's beauty-sleep  
(or later),

Thrice welcome, welcome back, whitewashed  
and clean,

To Alma Mater !

Sole witness of my break of forty-nine !

How well we made the drowsy hours  
to jig,

All drenched with frequent sodas at the sign  
Of the Blue Pig !

With thee I shared the Fifth, that final rag,  
And lost ingloriously my tattered  
gown,

What time my forehead bit a paving-flag  
In Sturton Town.

Me blessed Mercury, shaped like a hansom,  
Bore through a sultry atmosphere of  
brick ;  
For thee, O thee, another kind of ransom  
Was waiting, Dick !

Chased into Andrew Street's absorbing gutter,  
Thou by the Proctor's pack wast fairly  
baited,  
Haled to that hardy sportsman on a shutter  
And rusticated.

So welcome back from rural contemplation !  
And here's a health to those that bring  
thee back !  
The Dons !—we'll pour a Lethe of libations  
In Miller's sack !

*Horace at Cambridge*

---

Pass round the loving cup ! a long, strong  
pull !

Unguent is off and wreaths are run  
to seed ;

Instead about our lips shall curl the full  
And fragrant weed.

What choice for dissipation ? Dick, old man,  
At this auspicious hour 'tis thine to  
choose ;

Loo ? then to-night we'll linger longer than  
At former Loos !



XI

OF MIDDLE-AGE IN MOTLEY

*Intermissa, Venus, diu*

YOUR card to hand the other day,  
In terms concise but gracious,  
The intermitted song, you say,  
Is due from your Horatius ;  
O spare me, please ; Old Time of late  
Has played the filibuster ;  
I feel as one whose glass of fate  
Has shed another lustre.

Though age and anguish, I'll allow,  
Have not impaired my dinner,  
The locks upon my ardent brow  
Perceptibly grow thinner ;

*Horace at Cambridge*

---

And there's a younger, smarter race  
All blowin' and a-growin'  
Should ply the pen and push the pace  
To keep the type a-flowin'.

Yet was there one of riper age  
Who bore from Cambridge portals  
The sacred flame of persiflage  
To London's palsied mortals ;  
Full well they know, who know the Ropes,  
His form of ample tether,  
Prometheus of a hundred tropes  
Bound in Morocco leather.<sup>1</sup>

A fallen Don, a rising Star,  
I fancy how he faces  
Those nymphs with their conducting Carr,  
And puts 'em through their paces.  
I see him prompt, with lips agast,  
That somersaulting fairy,

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Adrian Ross will perhaps kindly pardon these allusions.

Letitia, as she gives his last

*Carmen Peculiare.*

Perchance himself he beats the floor

In Old Aunt-Salian fashion,

Till half the supers in the corps

Go Bang with lyric passion ;

Yes, Sir, his genius is such

That you should interview it,

And find by what inspired touch

He manages to do it.

Strange effort of the lecture-desk !

That turns a College Fellow

Into a Rossius of burlesque

When getting nicely mellow ;

Exceptions prove the rule, no doubt,

Of rhymes with age abating ;

I haven't time to work it out,

Because the printer's waiting.

## XII

OF THE TRAVAIL OF A MAKER OF IAMBICS

*O matre pulchra filia pulchrrior*

MORE than mother to me, gentle incubator,  
O my Coach, (although I hate to  
ask it)

Kindly shove my last iambics in the grate or  
Paper-basket.

When I built 'em, how my eye in frenzy  
roaming  
Raked the Gradus and the English-  
Greek!

Like my Tutor's when I pass him in the  
gloaming,  
Pipe in cheek.

Briny tears I spilt upon the blameless blotter,  
Used the oaths that men of wrath  
employ,

*O matre pulchra*

---

Otherwise than when a Dutchman swears in  
Rotter-  
dam for joy.

*Nascitur, non fit*, is stated of the Poet,  
People have it in their protoplasms ;  
Personally when I try to scan, I know it  
Gives me spasms !

I have timed a racing eight and seen the  
hairy  
Tar with twenty barges block the way ;  
Heard on Monday nights the bells of Great  
St. Mary  
Making hay ;

Blindly I have braved a Don's expostulations,  
Going to the length of saying " Pooh !"  
And I know of language meet for most  
occasions ;  
Yes, I do !

*Horace at Cambridge*

---

Wrath is my redeeming trait ; I have a  
hunger

For compelling all my enemies to rot ;  
But my feelings for the first iambic-monger  
Beat the lot !

Woe to wooers of the Muse ! she's too erratic ;  
Put the case concisely—*c'est une folle !*  
I shall drop her and (to speak the homely Attic)  
Take a Poll.

Many since Atrides' day have filtered through  
the  
Poll degree (or none at all) unaided ;  
And I think I may without presumption do the  
Same as they did.

So we sever, O my Coach. I leave the chase of  
Giddy geese and Honour's airy scent,  
By the " Special exit meant for use in case of  
Accident."



### XIII

#### OF EVERGREEN SIRENS

*Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa ?*

WHAT slender stripling in his primal year,  
His lip bedewed with "Tricholina,"  
Amid your flower-pots with alluring leer  
Woos you, Georgina ?

Across the counter leans his blazered arms,  
And, plying you with laboured sallies  
Of amorous wit, around your waning charms  
Heavily dallies ?

Who bids you bind your bun, I want to know,  
As once, my ever-verdant mignon,  
For my sweet sake some thirty years ago  
You bound your chignon,

Simply mendacious in its artful dye,  
All golden as the daffodilly

*Horace at Cambridge*

---

To which you pinned my swelling chest,  
while I

Looked really silly ?

Alas ! poor boy, he has a lot to learn

Outside the Little-Go prospectus,  
Things that will give him quite a nasty turn  
In Love's *Delectus*;

Who fancies, never having known a doubt,  
Your hair is naturally yellow ;  
Nor dreams you ever cared a bit about  
Another fellow.

For me, of course, I've had my little fling,  
And been lovesick on many an ocean,  
And cease to feel about this kind of thing  
The least emotion.

And yet a touch of nature marks me kin  
To him, that budding young apprentice ;  
Besides, it's possibly my son that's *in*  
*Loco parentis*.

## XIV

### OF NAVAL ADVENTURE

*Sic te, diva potens Cypri*

So may the Cambridge favours of their knights  
Eight several Venuses inform with grace ;  
So may my Julia's brethren, shining lights,  
Have sense enough to drive me to the  
race ;

So may we win the fatal toss and take  
Whichever side—one never knows—is  
best ;

So may the wind blow nicely in our wake,  
And catch the other coxswain in the chest.

O Crew ! please to land to the good at the  
goal ;

My fortune deserves a reviver ;

So save and increase the one-half of my sole  
And exceptional fiver !

*Horace at Cambridge*

---

Of triple girth and most robustious ease

His waistcoat was who first essayed to  
pop

His tubby Ark upon the turbid seas—

Noë, and braved the headlong Aethiop  
That wrestled darkly with the rising tide,  
And cursed aloud the race of Shem and  
Ham.

And pretty bold was he who first, dry-eyed,  
Furrowed the swart bacilli of the Cam.

O vainly has Providence fettered its flow,  
And Man shot the drains of the town in,  
If people *will* paddle on stuff that is no  
Good to drink or to drown in !

Into what vetos men do rashly rush !

Witness Iäbez of the Liberator ;  
Or Harcourt, and the Liquor Bill—but hush !  
I shun to be a pen-and-ink culpator ;

With wing'd opinions through the great inane  
The Grand Old Daedal Expert wanders  
on ;

And Mr. Stead, with spook upon the brain,  
Is very busy bursting Acheron.

We mock the high gods with our Eiffels that  
seek

To have Pelion packed upon Ossa ;  
Nay, worse—I am told there are men who  
will speak

Of their DEAN as a *jossa* !

XV

OF FATUOUS BLOODS

*Non ebur neque aureum*

NEITHER cup nor pewter pot  
Stands on mantel-piece of Mine;  
Frankly, too, I haven't got  
Any bladed beam of pine  
Lashed along My chamber wall,—  
For I never rowed at all.

Never rowed or ran or did  
Anything that makes you warm;  
Jumped or kicked or shot or slid,  
Or careered in any form;  
But I humbly thank My God  
Who has fashioned Me a Blood.



People in a College boat  
Row till they are beastly raw,  
All to wear a coloured coat,  
All to sport a fancy straw ;  
Black-and-white simplicity,  
This is good enough for Me.

Photographs are all My rage,  
And they make a pleasant sight ;  
All the beauties of the stage  
Dressed in something nice and light ;  
Though I never yet have been  
In My life behind the scene.

And of heroes of the ring  
I have got a tidy set ;  
Suffolk Chickens on the Wing,  
And the Carolina Pet ;  
Though I never sought admission  
To this kind of exhibition.

*Horace at Cambridge*

---

Then, again, about degrees—

I have passed the Little-Go ;

For the rest I take My ease ;

Cannot really, don't you know,

Chew the literary cud

When I chance to be a Blood.

Others struggle and perspire,

We do nothing but exist ;

Tantalus with vain desire

Tackled higher flights and missed ;

Now he's posted in the flood,

Thirsting to become a Blood.

Day is on the heels of day,

And the waxing moon 'll wane ;

June comes tripping after May,

And they go the round again ;

Burst yourselves, you'll never be

Anything but *bourgeoisie*.

Now I come to look at My  
Logic, I could wish it better ;  
But the fact is this, that I  
Copied Horace to the letter ;  
He has got a pretty wit,  
And I thought I'd follow it.

But the argument is thus  
(Since I'm getting rather mixed) :—  
That between the rest and Us  
There's a gulf securely fixed :  
Every tinker to his trade ;  
Bloods were born and never made.

Even Orcus, under earth,  
Won't be altogether blind  
To the notion of our worth,  
And I fancy we shall find  
Layers of infernal mud  
Drained expressly for the Blood.

XVI

OF THE NEW SCHOOL OF LETTERS

*Odi profanum vulgus et arceo*

I HATE your vulgar modern breeds,  
New Woman, prig and poetaster,  
Your *fin-de-race* that never reads  
A page of any ancient Master.

Where are they now, those brave and stout  
World-old and weather-beaten skippers ?  
Their wassail-bowl is going out ;  
Absinthe's the thing for little nippers.

Maybe one writer's little mess  
Is more suggestive than another's ;  
One painter's *chic* a shadow less  
Purely preposterous than his brother's.

*Odi profanum*

---

Precocity, that knows no law,  
    Binds them in boards—a weary medley ;  
All advertising, cheek by jaw ;  
    And the result is something deadly.

Some fancies by a hanging sword,  
    Some by a risky pen are tickled ;  
The appetite of these is bored,  
    They take their garlic highly pickled.

While others, sick of seasoning,  
    And spicy literary diet,  
Will seldom taste the latest thing,  
    And absolutely never buy it.

Some even miss with mild regret  
    The age of Smiles and Martin Tupper,  
Ere Curiosity had set  
    Her straddling legs across the crupper.

*Horace at Cambridge*

---

They sigh for schools of cleric bent,  
The tonsured head, austere, ascetic ;  
And loathe the love-locks redolent  
Of gummy Araby's cosmetic.

To them the sweepings of the sink  
Are not *Sibyllinische blätter* ;  
An Aster by the sewer's brink  
Is simply that and nothing better.

"Why change," say they, "our Sabine food  
For mullet murdered in the ditches ?  
Why barter modest maidenhood  
For rampant women's borrowed breeches?"



XVII

OF MODERATE AMBITION

*Sunt quos curriculo pulverem  
Olympicum*

THERE are whose lives would fairly hum  
If they might gather gold in some  
Olympian curriculum

    To rival " Venice " ;  
Another lot, by fortune led,  
The fervid wheel, the black and red,  
Will break the bank or lose their head,  
    Like good St. Denis.

The merchant, timorous of whales,  
Vicariously woos the gales,  
With Argus-eye for magic sales  
    Of cornered cotton ;  
While some, untutored to be poor,  
Pursue a claim for precious ore

*Horace at Cambridge*

---

In regions of the Martial Boer,  
And find it rotten.

For me the green-room's cool retreat,  
The shady scene, the shifting feet  
Of busy nymphs that nimbly beat  
The floor and frisk it ;  
But chiefly, great Augustus,<sup>1</sup> may  
I be where thy electric ray  
Astonishes the milky way,  
And takes the biscuit.

Give me a music-hall career,  
With signed agreements for a clear  
Two thousand pounds or so a year  
To touch as salary ;  
Content with little, be it mine,  
As lyrist in the comic line,  
A star among the stars to shine,  
And "knock" the gallery.

<sup>1</sup> Formerly Director of the Palace Theatre.

## XVIII

### OF MAKING HAY IN SUNSHINE

#### *Tu ne quaesieris*

SEEK not, dear boy, to overstrain  
The intellect for this exam ;  
Nor gauge amiss the gastric pain  
That comes of undigested cram ;  
Nor ask the heathenish Chaldee  
For tips in pure theology.

Far happier he who doesn't mind  
One little blow about the fray ;  
Who, if the foeman prove unkind,  
Gently, but firmly, runs away :  
Who puts his money in the slot,  
And comes and takes another shot.

*Horace at Cambridge*

---

Be wise and fill the flowing can ;  
    Strain off the fatal pips, and wash  
The dust of work away with an  
    Alleviating lemon-squash ;  
There's something very nice, I think,  
About an effervescent drink.

Eschew the heated lecture-hall ;  
    Drive by its door, and pay no heed  
To Cranmer on his pedestal,<sup>1</sup>  
    Or holy Pearson on the Creed.  
Blow up the horn ; blow, while you may ;  
And, so to put it, pluck the day.

Come, pluck the day—I never knew  
    How people set about the thing ;—  
Come, brush aside the early dew,  
    And have your matutinal fling ;

<sup>1</sup> Outside the Divinity Schools.

*Tu ne quaesieris*

---

Time wears a forelock on his brow ;  
You'd better take him by it now.

Trust not the morrow, lest it turn  
Traitor and trump your cherished hope ;  
Youth flies—I'd give a lot to learn  
Who first conceived that trenchant trope ;—  
This blessed hour my urgent rhyme  
Is half a week behind the time.

XIX

OF THE NECESSITY OF GOING DOWN

*Eheu! fugaces, Postume, Postume*

I HINTED in my postumous, or last,  
Ode that the flight of years is never-ending ;  
I find it is a state of things that's past  
Serious mending ;

The more I think of it, the more I feel  
One cannot do much better than repeat it ;  
The Truth is always fresh, and takes a deal  
Of talk to beat it.

Behold, you may detect a shiny spot,  
Where through my hair the pericranium  
twinkles ;  
I, too, observe upon *your* brow a lot  
Of seamy wrinkles,



*Eheu ! fugaces*

---

Signs of the crammer's art. For you and me  
The hour is come to join the dear departed ;  
To phrase it coarsely, it is time that we  
Already started.

“ There is no way but this ! ” as Lord Mac-  
aulay's  
Hero remarked, and drove the “ whittle ”  
home,  
In one of those exceptionally raw lays  
Of Ancient Rome.

But steady on the rein, my Muse ! sit tight !  
Five desultory stanzas fairly smother  
One of old Flaccus ! Even as I write  
This makes another.

All flesh eventually takes to grass,  
Browsing on Stygian plains, or else they  
row to  
Those blessed islands which the better class  
Of niggers go to.

*Horace at Cambridge*

---

Not though you worked your eyes completely  
red,

Thomas, and raised an astigmatic blister ;  
Not though you met the Dean point-blank  
and said

She was your sister ;

Not though you gave a yearly butt of rum  
To flush the Fellows' Combination table,  
Or penned a treatise lithe and long as some  
Atlantic cable,

Could you escape to go where went the late  
Apostles,<sup>1</sup> apt to sweeten, apt to light us,  
Profusely punting down the desperate  
Pool of Cocytus.

Which is to say that we must e'en go down,  
With dignity, of course, not cut and run it ;

<sup>1</sup> Offspring of that literary society, founded about 1820, which at one time included Tennyson, Hallam, Milnes, and Alford among its members.

*Eheu ! fugaces*

---

You'll find a heap of decent men in town  
Who've been and done it.

So shall you leave your rooms, your bills,  
your buxom  
Bedder, yea, all on which the fancy dotes,  
Reaping no harvest save, by cursed luck, some  
Crop of wild oats.

A better man than you, a nobler flier,  
The pavement of your court shall rudely  
stain,  
Playing at Heidsieck on a higher, drier,  
Plan of Champagne.

XX

OF THE AUTHOR'S TENDENCY TO BECOME  
A BIRD

*Non usitata nec tenui ferar  
Penna*

IN singular and supple plumes  
Adapted to aërial transit  
Your trusty bard, Horatius, blooms  
Superbly and prepares to chance it

Across illimitable space  
Where worlds beneath are looking thinnish,  
Where Envy cannot keep the pace  
And Calumny neglects the finish.

Already on my turgid calf  
I feel the feathers fresh and fluffy ;  
My massive shoulder-blades are half  
Besmothered by a sort of puffy

‘ Excrescence where the wings fit on ;  
They tell me the effect is pretty ;  
And like the evanescent swan  
I must oblige you with a ditty,

If not my first, at least my last,  
In this particular connexion ;  
And sicklied over with the cast  
Of pale and moribund reflexion.

But think not, *Granta*, dear, that I,  
Your poor but strictly honest poet,  
Am in a likely way to die !  
Not altogether, if I know it !

O'er the round earth—and I surmise  
The earth is virtually spheric—  
Where bales of British merchandise  
Are landed by the playful derrick ;

Wherever war and whisky-stills  
On missionary tracks have followed ;  
Where Lloyd's is read, or Beecham's pills  
Enthusiastically swallowed ;

Where lynchers regularly make  
Mincemeat of niggers in Ohio,  
Or where the Matabele break  
The Chartered bank at Buluwayo ;

There shall the *Granta's* pages prove  
A source of high illumination ;  
And there my twenty odes shall move  
The native mind to desperation.

Bound possibly in simple boards,  
Perhaps in rather costly vellum,  
I fancy how those heathen hordes  
Would give their very scalps to spell 'em !



Then weep me not when I am fled  
On pinions like a common fairy ;  
Besides, when all is done and said,  
The thing is merely temporary ;

Inane it were to celebrate  
My vacuous urn with rosy posies ;  
Rather await an up-to-date  
Example of metempsychosis.

THE DIRGE OF  
THE AMATEUR MAENAD<sup>1</sup>

(After the 'Indian Maid's Lament' in *Endymion*.)

BENEATH my parasol by Camus' side  
I sat a-reading ; in the whole world wide  
There was no one to tell me what to read ;  
And I agreed  
How passing sweet it was to be so slack  
In the Long Vac.

And as I sat, from somewhere up by Caius  
There came a sound of revel on the breeze,  
As when the maddened Maenads all are out  
With Bacchus and his rout :

<sup>1</sup> Being a reminiscence of the University Extension Summer Meeting held in Cambridge in the Long Vacation of 1893.

*The Dirge of the Amateur Maenad*

---

And scarce the axle-boxes of my knees  
Had spun a furrow's length or thereabout,  
When round the corner Mr. Berry<sup>1</sup> shot  
Up with his little lot.

Like to a waving field of corn they came,  
Matron and maid, and faces all aflame,  
A sight to rudely scare, if any can,  
A solemn honours-man ;  
O then, O then, I say it to my shame,  
My thoughts were very, very far from thee,  
Thou "Academical Sobriety,"  
And in a moment, lost to name and fame,  
I, I, a two-year-old Girtonian,  
Had joined the Summer Plan.

Berry, beside his ivied staff of men  
I saw engirt with women, as a hen  
With her appealing brood ;

<sup>1</sup> At that time Secretary of the Cambridge Extension.

*Horace at Cambridge*

---

There was a listening air in their regard  
As if from drinking information hard,  
More really than was good ;  
And there I saw the Cambridge-Yankee  
blend,  
A trifle lifted up among their peers,  
Boasting Typhoeus-like how they "extend"  
Over two hemispheres.

"Whence come ye, lady trippers, whence  
come ye,  
So many and so many on the spree ?  
Why have ye left the provinces forlorn  
This blessed August morn ?"  
"We follow Berry, Berry, on the fling  
A-lecturing ;  
Before, behind, about him still we plod,  
Fair or foul weather, thorough Hall or Quad ;  
Come hither, lady-undergrad, and greet  
Our wild Extension Meet."

*The Dirge of the Amateur Maenad*

---

“Whence come ye, master trippers, whence  
come ye,

So many and so many on the spree?

Forgetting Margate sands and Yarmouth  
pier,

And all her bloaters sere?”

“For Culture, Culture, have we waived the  
sea,

For Culture have exchanged the gay Marine  
For King's-parade ;

For Culture (Mr. Berry's) have we come ;

Lord ! only hear its universal hum !

So hither, lady-undergrad, and greet

Our wild Extension Meet.”

Pencil in pouch and syllabus in hand,

Hugging selected Poets of the land,

Keats, Shelley, Coleridge, all but Thomas  
Hood

And Byron (more's the pity),

*Horace at Cambridge*

---

They caught the local colour where they  
could ;

And members of the feminine committee  
To native grace an added charm would  
bring

Of light blue ribbons—not of abstinence—  
But bearing just this sense—

“ Enquire within on any mortal thing ! ”

Deserting afternoon half-tasted teas  
For some Staff Officer on Pericles,  
Treading where Dons will hardly dare to  
tread,

Sucking like any amorous Matine bee  
Eclectic sweets of fair Philosophy,

We fluttered and we fed ;

Whatso the theme, it mattered not one bit,  
Scott or Sordello, Pheidias or Pitt,  
Whether “ Great Women ” or the “ Great Ice  
Age,”



*The Dirge of the Amateur Maenad*

---

Parkyn on Darwin, Fenton upon drugs,  
Or Kimmins upon fertilising bugs,  
Chanced to adorn the stage.

Anon to church with high impartial zeal,  
Or where (his turn to deal)  
Harris, the Levantine, uplifts the cry—  
“Latest edition from Mt. Sinai!”  
From dawn of light unto the stretch of  
shade,  
Barring, when lunch is done,  
Picnics to Ely, boats to Bottisham,  
Or trips upon the circulating tram,  
Or the accustomed Senate House parade  
From half-past twelve to one.

Ah! sacred Temple, what a sight I saw!  
That shrine upon whose steps inviolate  
No mortal shoots the nimble knuckle-taw,  
Until he pass the pupillary state,—

*Horace at Cambridge*

---

Nor any such upon its floor may be  
Save when he gets, or goes for, a degree—  
Here now the vagrant gossip moves, and here  
The tables of the money-changers stand ;  
The syllabus is bought at second-hand ;

    The placard, terse and clear,  
Proclaims alarums and excursions, so  
That he who runs may read the thing and  
    know

    Where he has got to go.

And in the latter half, about the throne,  
Silent, select, but not so popular,  
The seeming-earnest readers sit alone  
(No smoking is allowed abaft the bar) ;  
Nor have I mentioned yet the *Poste Restante* ;  
Yea, nothing that the lettered mind can want,  
Excepting liquors, if it must be said,  
But here was given gratis—or else sold ;  
Such sacrilege might well have waked the cold

*Non-placets* of the dead.

*The Dirge of the Amateur Maenad*

---

I saw Oxonian Isis, in the shape  
    Of Sadler,<sup>1</sup> bow the head ;  
Acknowledging his own official tape  
    Was not so fine a red ;  
I saw Professor R. C. Jebb, M.P.,  
    Veiling in modest mood  
His professorial profundity  
    To deal in platitude ;  
Verrall I saw lay down his caustic pen  
    And, mildly critical,  
Deign to make popular remarks on men  
    And things in general.

I saw the great McTaggart,<sup>2</sup> pale and proud,  
Vainly declaim (before a hearty crowd)  
Of such as cut their names on Learning's seat,  
    And marred her chaste retreat ;

<sup>1</sup> At that time Secretary of the Oxford Extension.

<sup>2</sup> A motion was brought forward at the Union, disapproving of the intrusion of Extension Students within the precincts of the University.

*Horace at Cambridge*

---

I saw when in Satyric vein rose Wedd,  
Champion of "literary Maenads" he,  
And fairly launched the modern Orpheus'  
head

Down Camus to the sea.

All this I tasted and some other things,  
Like Gosse and Vernon Lee,  
And ices underneath the elms of King's  
Or Milton's mulberry-tree ;  
And now I feel within the after-pain,  
And here's October with the term again.

## OXFORD *v.* CAMBRIDGE

### LADIES' HOCKEY MATCH <sup>1</sup>

AIR—*The Battle of the Baltic.*

OF the Battle of the Blues  
Sing a really martial strain,  
When in parti-coloured hues  
Arméd ladies took the plain  
(With a fig for Mrs. G. and her fads!)  
All in caps and dainty shirts  
And emancipated skirts,  
And, as one report asserts,  
Ankle-pads.

Maids from Lady Margaret Hall,  
Graces too from Girton went,  
Newnham's nymphs obeyed the call,  
Somerville her sirens sent,  
In the middle of a March afternoon.

<sup>1</sup> Wimbledon Club ground, March 14, 1894.

*Horace at Cambridge*

---

Hardy men were on the scene,  
Though their fate might well have been  
Like Actaeon's with the Queen  
Of the moon.

Then the usual copper bit  
Was with difficulty spun,  
And they looked extremely fit  
When the battle was begun,  
As the whistle piped the start like a linnet ;  
"On the ball !" the captain saith,  
And the backs are grim as death,  
And the lot are out of breath  
In a minute.

Heart of oak, they meet and clash,  
Passing here and tackling there,  
And the sticks of sturdy ash  
Fairly bristle in the air,  
And the partisans remark, "Played, my  
dear !"



*Oxford v. Cambridge*

---

Till a rather nasty knock  
Caused a universal shock,  
And the men that came to mock  
Shed a tear.

Now the triumvirginate,  
Who interpreted the rules,  
Were inclined to arbitrate  
In the manner of the schools,  
And invited any plea or suggestion ;  
Saying, " What are we to do ?  
Ladies, we appeal to you ;  
Will you kindly give your view  
Of the question ? "

And at length an Oxford wing,  
Fleeter than the young opossum,  
Getting nicely in the ring  
Nearly made her weapon blossom,  
As she sent a purler pop through the posts ;

*Horace at Cambridge*

---

Then the temporary rout  
Brought the smelling-bottles out,  
And the Cantabs lay about,  
    ' Pale as ghosts.

But they rallied on the spot  
    With encouraging results,  
And their forwards simply shot  
    Like a set of catapults,  
Ending victors of the field, three to one !  
    Then, my masters, sigh not so,  
Let the Sports and Boat Race go,  
Since at least your Ladies' show  
    Took the bun !

## CAMBRIDGE RE-VISITED

*"Wait till you come to forty year!"*

### I

AMONG the haunts of sage and saint,  
Where I was wont to wear the gown  
And honestly attempt to paint  
The town,

I greet again the gracious Hall  
That nurtured me when I began  
To be what one is pleased to call  
A man.

And now I move at "forty year"  
More pensively than once of yore,  
And quite a lot of things appear  
A bore.

*Horace at Cambridge*

---

The jaunts and japes of long ago,  
    That pleased me then, no longer please,  
In part because I tend to grow  
    Obese.

Nor can I altogether gloze  
    The fact that when a man is stout  
A stately port will pre-dispose  
    To gout.

Which things affront the Freshman who  
    Regards it as the cream of crimes  
To be at all posterior to  
    The times.

And when I pass him, flushed and keen,  
    Light-hearted, sound of limb and lung,  
I feel I never *could* have been  
    So young.

The spotless tie, the spangled vest,  
    A chrysalis that bursts the shell!—  
I had forgotten that he dressed  
    So well!

But if my taste resembled his,  
    But now assumes a sober tone,  
The fault indubitably is  
    My own.

For since Britannia ruled the sea,  
    Through all the rounded seasons' range,  
He changes never ; it is we  
    That change.

Along the towing-path I strolled ;  
    The situation seemed the same,  
And every one was at the old,  
    Old game.

*Horace at Cambridge*

---

I passed a little sporting knot  
    That held in leash the mongrel cur ;  
I saw that things were fairly what  
    They were.

I stood to watch a waiting boat ;  
    The coach was cursing No. 3 ;  
The fellow had the face to quote  
    From *me* !

Full hoary when I made them mine,  
    These wrinkles, trusty, tried and true—  
He ran them out as something fine  
    And new !

He wore with all the old aplomb  
    His rude extensions ; nay, I found  
They ended even farther from  
    The ground.



*Cambridge Re-visited*

---

The captains roamed the river-side ;  
I wondered, seeing how they sat,—  
“Great Nimrod ! did we really ride  
Like *that* ?”

A raucous beast assailed my eye ;  
“I know that horse,” I said, “it comes  
From—” well, I recognised it by  
Its gums.

The same whose ribs were like to swords,  
Who, when I tossed my men a tip,  
*Would* turn his tufted tail towards  
The ship !

Anon by Barnwell’s oozy bed  
I sniffed the old familiar stench ;  
“*Toujours le même vieux jeu !*” I said  
(In French).

*Horace at Cambridge*

---

All this was beautiful and right,  
    Long since accepted, long approved ;  
And yet I own it left me quite  
    Unmoved.'

Perhaps my case was pretty much  
    His sorry case of whom they sing,  
Tithonus, deadly out of touch  
    With Spring.

For age is apt to loose the link  
    Of chains that early manhood tied,  
And cause a kind of mental kink  
    Inside.

I could, if necessary, spin  
    A column on this hallowed text ;  
I hope to add a trifle in  
    My next.

## CAMBRIDGE RE-VISITED

### II

THUS musing (see my last) I left the bank  
That curbs the eager current of the  
Cam ;  
This myth of Alma Mater seemed a blank  
And hollow sham.

I lit a large cigar ; I often do  
Unconsciously when feeling desolate ;  
Unconsciously I reached and sauntered  
through  
My College gate.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> No particular college is here suggested.

*Horace at Cambridge*

---

My course was theoretically barred  
By that profound and venerable joke,  
I mean the printed notice with regard  
To dogs and smoke.

I entered ; as I trod the verdant plot  
An Apparition came within my ken ;  
My Tutor, I had always said, was not  
As other men.

I felt the old effect of being foiled,  
Of having no resource except to go ;  
In fact, by force of habit I recoiled  
A yard or so.

He wrought around me some forgotten spell ;  
I doffed my weed and hat for fear of  
him ;  
The ash unfortunately broke and fell  
Upon the brim.

*Cambridge Re-visited*

---

“ I find that you ”—he spoke and slightly  
bowed—

“ Are guilty of a complicated tort ;  
No dogs ” ( I hadn’t any ) “ are allowed  
Within the court,

“ Nor smoking. Vulgar passage we permit  
Exclusively upon the paving-stones ;  
All persons who—why, bless me, surely it  
Is Mr. Jones ?

“ Nay, no apologies ! Our private right  
We fence from public usufruct—that’s all !  
You’re looking well ; you dine, I hope, to-night  
With us in Hall ? ”

I clinched the proposition hard. Indeed  
It seemed a boon beyond the common  
share  
To sit above the salt and calmly feed  
On Fellows’ fare.

*Horace at Cambridge*

---

I found them, frankly, quite a decent set ;  
    They touched upon the scandals of the  
        town,  
And even now and then exchanged a bet  
    Of half-a-crown.

Below me, from my elevated seat,  
    Maintaining there a perfect equipoise,  
I watched the rising generation eat  
    And make a noise.

On yonder lowly bench I once had sat,  
    Had laved in tepid soup my beardless  
        lips,  
And furiously fulminated at  
    The jaded gyps.

I thought of him—long gathered to the past—  
    Whose voice would break upon my  
        tympanum,



*Cambridge Re-visited*

---

“More beef, Sir”—with a strong and steady  
blast  
Of fog and rum.

All this was over. At my dexter hand  
The stately College butler deigned to  
pour  
Dry academic sherry, vintage brand  
Of '64.

We mounted to the Combination Room :  
It seemed to me a very nice resort ;  
And there we lingered late to cull the bloom  
Of peerless port.

And in the glow that follows goodly cheer  
I learned that if you meet the proper  
lot  
You find the 'Varsity at “forty year”  
A pleasant spot.

*Horace at Cambridge*

---

And so I tossed to-morrow to the wind,  
Along with gout and "*hydrops, gryps, and*  
*pons*";  
And said—"Fate cannot touch me, I have  
dined  
To-day with Dons!"

THE END

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